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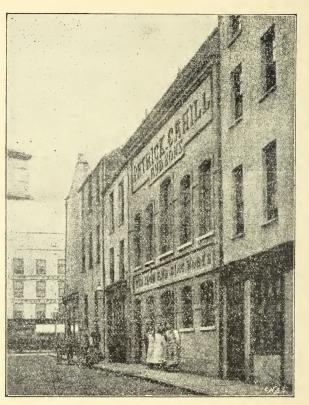
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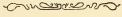
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BY

JOHN FITZGERALD,

Bard of the Lee.

CORK:

GUY AND CO. LTD., PRINTERS AND PUBLISHERS, 70, PATRICK STREET.

1898.



Lord Edward's Escape from Cork.



T was at the close of a sultry evening in August, 1797, and an unnatural gloom hung over the ancient city of Cork. A lurid light hung above the hills in the West, and dark copper-coloured clouds hung motionless in the sky, with their

ragged edges pointing downward like tattered war banners above a battle field. It seemed an angry and portentous

sky that looked down upon the parched earth.

The city seemed to be half deserted, for people had to be within doors at that hour in troublous times, the rules and laws of "Curfew" being vigorously carried out. Only those whom business or necessity kept in the streets were abroad, and those who were not well known were warned, by blows from the flat of the sword of "The Bandog Mounted Yeos," to hasten. Only well-known loyal citizens were allowed to linger by the river side, to catch the short puffs of fresh air that came at long intervals down the valley of the Lee. And yet, on that evening and at that hour, a piper was playing merrily before a quaint looking old house in Fishamble lane, which house was a well-known tavern of the period. But he seemed to be wasting very good music on careless ears, for no one took the slightest heed, or stopped to listen, except a few children who gazed at him round a corner. There was one other, a boy, who stood right in front of the piper, and stared and listened, with a half-pleased, half-idiotic expression on his ugly face. He had a wild shock of coarse red hair that hung fastastically above a pair of light blue, shifty and very crooked eyes, and he was also very freckled, which did not add much to his style. He was about thirteen years old, was barefoot and poorly clad, and was, all in all, a very unlovable looking boy. The piper seemed to be much annoyed at his presence, for he scowled at him, and sometimes muttered sentences which did not sound like blessings; but the boy did not seem to notice the piper's wrath, but stolidly stood his ground and stared.

"Good luck to ye, an' go home now, like a good boy, to the dacent mother that owns ye, or 'tis thinkin' her fair haired boy is gone astray she'll be (though divel a fear there's of that, ye crooked eyed thief), or your father, dacent man, may want his purty bouchal to go of a message for him, an' I'll be here to-morrow, to make nice music for the

childre, go on now, alanuv."

Some persons now began to pass through the darkening lane, a few of whom gave the piper a friendly nod, and a hasty "God save ye," as they passed. Others went by with a curse and a malignant scowl, which was returned with interest by the piper, but not one of those offered him a coin. He did not seem to want or expect such, for his peasant garb was good and well fitting, and his form strong and vigorous, and his face handsome, while his grey eyes had a fearless look.

Some well dressed but muffled figures came and passed through the door of the tavern before which the piper stood, until about a dozen had passed in, the last two who came together giving him a very friendly nod and smile. And still the ugly red-haired boy held his place, and though his ears seemed to drink in the soft strains of "Shawn O'Dheara Glanna," his shifty, crooked eyes followed every glance of the piper, and seemed to take a note of every one that passed into the tavern. And now came a strange pause, and a sort of gasp in the atmosphere, as if every breath of pure air had been sucked up into space, yet not



LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD.

a sound came from the unlighted lane, except the distant cry of some poor wretch, as the heavy butts of clumsy muskets, in the hands of brutal foot soldiers, made him hasten on his way with blows, or a wilder cry telling that some "Ban-dog Mounted Yeo" had the brutality to use the point, not the flat of his sword, to hurry on a loiterer.

At this very time, a swift young figure came through the lane, as if bent on entering the tavern as others had done, and at the sight of the new comer the piper lost all

patience, and yelled at the ugly boy: -

"Thonomon dhiaoul, you misshapen dog, go home, or I'll give ye a taste of blackthorn. Faugh-a-ballagh na moc a dhiaoul.

"Don't speak so harsh to the poor child; he is only

listening to your music."

"Arrah lave me alone, my lord. Och, what am I saying. I beg pardon, Mr. Edwards, but if ever the broad arrow of the gallis was on any one's face, an' the private mark of the divil in anyone's eyes, that ill lookin' thief have both of em, so he have."

"Perhaps you are mistaken, he is only simple."

"Och, for God's sake, my ——; for all sakes, be on your guard of such simpletons. Master Edward, shure I saw his father slingein' round the corner, while ago, the baste; but go on with ye, the brothers of Glasheen, an the others, are inside. When I stop the warning tune an whistle, ye know what to do. Go on, an God bless you, ma Theirna."

The piper looked carefully up and down and all around, and seeing only some glimmering lights in the windows of the quaint looking houses he seemed to feel satisfied, and settled quietly to his music the strains of many beautiful Irish airs, well and skilfully played, floating unheeded round dark Fishamble lane, yet his restless grey eyes ever wandered round, noting the slightest movement.

Next he struck up a forbidden air, and unconsciously joined his voice to

THE WEARING OF THE GREEN.

(Old Version.)

"I've wandered through the villages,
I've rambled through the town,
From dawn of day to set of sun
I've travelled up and down;
I've been to South and East and West,
And naught could there be seen,
But lads and lasses, blithe and gay,
All wearing of the Green.

I've stood beside the ruined cot,
I've walked along the shore,
I've been to every blessed spot
That Ireland's sun shines o'er;
And sure as Shamrocks deck our sod,
Wherever I have been,
Our sons still hope in Ireland's God,
Our daughters wear its Green.

The fairest land on all the earth
Is cursed by tyrant laws—
Who loves the land that gave them birth,
Are martyrs to her cause;
But let us pray that God may place
His potent hand between
Our bitter foes and those who stick
To wea——"

[&]quot;Och, what am I sayin'-

"July, the first, in Oldbridge town,
There was a grievous battle,
Where many men lay on the ground,
And cannons they did rattle,
"And good King William said, says he—

"Begor, I'll forget me own name-

"says he-

With your long trailed pikes rush to the fight,
And ne'er desert your station;
With every blow cut down a foe,
And Ireland will be a free Nation."

"Indeed, he never said such a thing. Why didn't you stick to the nice tune you were singing and playing?"

"Bedad, sir, I've so many of them, I do be forgettin' what

I do be playin."

"And not one offered you a coin?"

"Wisha, what matter, you'll give me one."

"I, why should I give you a coin?"

"Bedad, because it was your own purty child was the cause of it; faix 'tis a credit that same child is to you wid his golden hair and his blue eyes."

"How do you know he was my boy? I suppose some-

body told you."

"Divil a one, then. Yeh what, shure he's the very moral of you, an I knew you out of him the moment I saw you."

"Thank you. Did you see him lately?"

"About half an hour ago, he was listening with all his ears to the 'Wearin' of the Green,' and his blue eyes seemed dancin' with joy; but he was listening for hours, and I told him at last to go home, and God bless him, to his dacent father an' mother, or they might be onaisy, an', me hand t'ye, he went off like a lamb."

"Thank you. Here's a coin. I was very uneasy about him, those troublesome times."

"Thank you, sir, 'tis the truth you're a tellin', but we'll

have good times yet."

"I hope so. Good night, piper."

"Good night and good luck, sir——, and may the red divil rid old Ireland of the likes of you and yer purty child. Pah!"

He trampled the silver coin under his foot, then picked it up again, went forward to a little bridge near him, and flung it with a curse into the stream.

Then he settled himself to play "Boyne Water" pure and simple, with no variations, except that caused by a loyal man going home would add his voice to the music,

and pat the piper on the back

And now came a strange and startling noise from the west, like what would in those days of iron be likened to the approach of heavy railway trains. Louder and louder it grew, until careering high in the air, preceded by a fierce squall, it passed above the houses on its ruthless path to the east, leaving a trail of blinding dust and falling slates in its track, with terror and dismay, added to the troubles of the darkened city.

There came an interval of what seemed by contrast appalling silence, then a blinding flash of lightning, that made every point of the city as clear as in sunlight, after which came a crash of thunder that seemed to shake the houses to their foundations. But, in the flash of lightning, the restless grey eyes of the tireless piper had seen a party of foot soldiers emerge from an old house at the western end of Fishamble lane, a house into the front of which a limestone slab was inserted, bearing this inscription:—

"IRELAND RISING. LIBERTY STREET, 1782." The soldiers stole forward very quietly, but he was on his guard, and waited until they were but a short distance off, then he put a finger in his mouth, and gave an ear piercing whistle, after which he dashed through the open door of the tavern, which he locked and barred after him, and the baffled soldiers saw no light within, got no response to their demand for entrance in the King's name, as they tried to batter it down with their muskets.

* * * * * * *

In a private room of the old Crown Tavern, which in those days stood at the end of a passage at right angles with Fishamble lane, and across the small bridge from which the piper had flung the coin into the stream, a big bloated man was pacing up and down, who seemed to be

very angry or impatient.

This man, in half civic, half military uniform, often stopped to fill a glass from a bottle that stood on a table, but each glass that he drank seemed to make him more furious, for he muttered curses or menaces, or half drew the heavy sword that hung by his side, or lifted one of the large pistols that lay on the table. At last there came a timid knock at the door, and he cried, savagely, "Come in." The general bearing of this man, who was in his own opinion of high authority, was cruel, overbearing, and vulgar.

The man who had given the piper the coin entered in

a shuffling, half saucy way.

"Well, dog, how long am I to be kept waiting in this cursed hole? Look sharp, I tell you, or, instead of earning gold, you may be flogged at the tail of a cart, from North Gate to South Gate—whose rebel music was I kept listening to for hours?"

"The music was that of the Irish piper, O'Leary, Major;

but let me remind you that you are talking to a loyal

citizen, and not to a dog, as you seem to think."

"Indeed, and this loyal citizen keeps the King's servant waiting for hours, mayhap on a false scent, while rebel pipers play signals, perhaps, in the open air to conspirators not far off, maybe, from here."

"That is so; they are near enough. You can hear your own men breaking in the door by which they entered, but it is no fault of mine, Major. I was searching for the child who is on the watch all the evening. He knows the way. I fear something is wrong."

"Have no fear, worthy son of a worthy father, as your

handsome child is, he will turn-"

"I will listen to no such language, Major S---. You

are not the man here you are in Dublin."

The other half drew his long sword, but at the same moment the red haired boy dashed in the door, seized the two candles that burned on the table, and shouting, "The river, the river," rushed through an opposite door.

The others followed through a long passage into another room, where they found the boy who had laid the candle-sticks on the floor, and was tearing at a heavy corner cupboard, still shrieking, "The river! the river!" They pulled at the heavy cupboard, which rolled forward on castors, revealing an open door into the stream which lay beyond it. The boy seized the candlesticks and ran through the aperture, but at the very time a wild rush of wind blew out the candles, another blinding flash of lightning and a crash of thunder, the noise of which kept them from hearing a shriek, followed by a splash in the stream. Then, as before, came black darkness, and silence over all.

"Willie, oh Willie, my child, where are you?" wailed the distracted father, but no light shone from the rear of the houses in Fishamble lane; no answering voice came in

response, until at last came the rain tearing into millions of bubbles the dark stream over which they stood.

Presently came the sound of whispering voices from the

opposite side of the stream.

"Who goes there; who speaks?" asked a voice.

"I am Major S----. Who are you?"

"Of what regiment, Major?"

"Of no regiment. Town Major of Dublin."

" Ah, I understand. One of three S's."

"Yes. But who am I speaking to?"

"To Captain Lennox, new English regiment."

"Very good. I am at your orders, Captain."

"You are on the look out for that arch rebel the Geraldine, the brothers Sheares, and the rest; are you not, Major? They are somewhere about here. I think the men I found battering in the door were of your own choosing, for they first refused to obey my orders, as commanding here."

"Very likely; I sent them. Where are they?"

"Round watching the other lane, sir, as you ought to be. Why are you there?"

"Oh, Captain Lennox, did you see a boy, a little fair

haired boy at that side?"

"We saw no boy, Major S—. You seem to be neglecting your duty, sir. Who spoke?"

"Only a fellow whose boy was to lead us-"

"Stand clear, sir. Something is wrong. Show a light there; we will run over a plank."

"We have no light, both candles went with the devil's cub, this rascal's son."

A plank was run over from the opposite side across, which several men trod.

"Now, where are you, Major S—? Ah, here, take this beast who neglects his duty, gag him and bind him hand and foot, otherwise you need not injure the wretch.

Denis, if that fellow is gagged and bound you need not kick him; fling that plank into the stream. What are

you doing now?"

"Only throwing the soord and pistols of our friend the Major into the strame, Captain. Good night, Canty, yer fair haired gorsoon fell into the trap he laid for others. Now, gentlemen, lay hould of me one by one, as the childre play 'London Bridge is broken down.' All ready? Folly me, then."

* * * * * * * *

Twenty minutes later four mounted "Ban-dog Yeos" emerged from a side lane, their ugly helmets drawn over their brows, the collars of their heavy cloaks drawn up around their ears as a protection against the heavily falling rain.

An English officer, as they began to move off, came forward and cried—

"Halt there. Whither go ye to-night?"

"To Glasheen, sir, to see if the rebel Sheares are at home, to arrest them if they are."

"By whose orders do you go thither?"

"By those of our Commanding Officer, sir."

"I thought I was the officer in command."

"So you are, sir, but not of us, Captain Lennox. The Ban-dogs only obey their own."

"Indeed, well I shall make inquiries after-What

is your name, Corporal?"

"Paddy Baxter, sir. I am well known."

"Two abreast; ready, trot."

"We are going by your orders now, sir," said the man who called himself Paddy Baxter as the four trotted quickly off, the English officer looking after them with a puzzled air as a merry laugh sounded. The four mounted Ban-dogs galloped quickly on the road to Glasheen, but when they reached the entrance to the pretty villa of the brothers Sheares a strange circumstance took place, for only two dismounted, gave their bridles to the mounted men, took off their cloaks, helmets, and swords, and gave them up in the same way. Then a much stranger thing occurred, for the two who had dismounted stood bareheaded in the rain, and after some friendly words and handshakes they passed through the wicket gate up the avenue, and disappeared. The others, after making things secure, started on their homeward journey, each with a led horse.

But in a dark angle of the road they were hailed by two cloakless and bareheaded Ban-dogs, who put on the cloaks and helmets the others carried, buckled on the swords, mounted the horses, and the four galloped back to the now disturbed city, and joined their corps unnoticed, as they charged wildly hither and thither in their futile attempts to find and capture the gallant leaders who had

escaped them.

There was utter confusion in the loyal ranks that wild wet night, for men were sent hither and thither by order of one Captain Lennox, officer in charge; but it seemed there had been two of them, the right one of whom failed to identify Corporal Baxter, there being no such "Ban-dog."

There were many cruel outrages committed that night in Cork, through searching the houses of peaceable men in hopes to find their noble prey. One in particular, Town Major S——, went round like a raging lion, with his own picked followers; but Canty, the father of the red haired boy, was too dazed at the loss of his son to give him any help, so he was thrown into prison, and what became of him after is not known.

The fate of his son was plain enough; for, a couple of weeks after the date of those events, a bloated corpse was

picked up in the north channel, whither it had floated under the streets.

It was easily identified as that of Willie Canty, the fool, but why his dead hand so firmly grasped a brass candlestick was a mystery which only three could solve, his father, Major S——, and the rebel piper.

Another vain search was made of the Sheares' villa ere morning, and a helpless lady (Mrs. Sheares) and her little children put to sore trouble; for the real Captain Lennox, English officer in command, that night felt annoyed and humiliated at the trick played on him by Corporal Paddy Baxter, for when the four "Ban-dogs" did not come back with their report of what they had seen at the villa in Glasheen, the Captain felt sure he had been tricked, and that two at least of the mounted "Yeos" were Sheareses in disguise. But all inquiries came to nothing, for the gallant fellow, Corporal Baxter, held no place in the "Mounted Yeos."

The Brothers Sheares were not found or arrested on that occasion, although they were near enough, for the big "cork tree" at Summerstown, if it could speak, might be got to reveal strange secrets.

* * * * * * * *

About the time those events took place, there was a large old-fashioned house on Daunt's square, at Cork, which was owned and occupied by a highly respectable and law-abiding Quaker gentleman, with his only daughter, a meek but very pretty Quaker maiden, and an old and trustworthy housekeeper.

While the Cove of Cork and other ports were diligently watched, lest the noble Geraldine should escape to France, the Quaker's nephew and only brother's son was staying quietly at his uncle's house. He was a young and hand-

some law student from T.C.D., and studied hard at the dry details of his profession while the wild search for rebels went on.

One evening the Quaker came to his room, closed the

door, and said-

"Young gentleman, I love thee dearly; yea, as I loved and love thy father, my only brother, whom I have not seen for many years, and my daughter loves thee-too well. I fear. But, friend Edward, it hath somehow been rumoured that thou art no nephew of mine, and no cousin of my child, by some who have seen thee together on thy stolen walks; therefore, my advice to thee is this:-leave all thy law books behind thee, burn every scrap of writing in the big kitchen fire, for our servant Martha loves thee as a son, and may be trusted. Get ready for a journey at once, for in ten minutes a covered vehicle will be at my door, in which will be my dearest child. Get into that vehicle with her; it will cause no remark, as both have been seen to do so more than once. That vehicle holds all thou canst possibly want, and the driver hath his instructions. Let both alight at thy aunt's house, or rather my sister's house, at Blackrock. Dismiss the driver, who hath already been paid, but first enter the door, with my daughter, as one on a visit. When the driver is well away, thou wilt bid farewell to both the ladies, and thou mayest kiss them also, after which proceed east to the little fishing village of Blackrock, where thou wilt find boats and men willing to earn money. Cross over the river, but keep far from Cove. Thou art brave, even to rashness. And now, I bid thee farewell, Edward. I have thy father's letter that thou art his son, and I shall keep it, and now I end my long speech—there is my hand. My love goes with it, and may the God of battles-nay, may the God of all be thy guide and thy safeguard."

All this was done as the good Quaker advised, no one

took any notice of the departure, and none took any notice of the driver's return to the house, to say that he had left the young lady and gentleman safe at their aunt's house in or near Blackrock. The law students or whatever he had been, left the Quaker ladies in tears, as the dusk was falling.

* * * * * * * *

The fishing village of Blackrock in those troubled times, one hundred years ago, was as pretty a place as could be seen anywhere. It is even prettier now, and much easier to reach. But it was not at its beauty a lonely young stranger was gazing, as he paced to and fro along the strand. The last rays of the setting sun were touching all with a golden light, even the tiny waves of the bright river Lee fell in for their share, as they rolled in soft flashing ripples to his feet. But not a boat, not a net, nor a human face was to be seen, nothing to indicate that it was a fishing village, save the poles for drying nets, and the mingled odour of tar and fish, which always lingers about such places. But one sign of life remained in this scene, it was a small yacht or sailing boat, with a solitary occupant, and the anxious stranger saw it "tacking" from shore to shore, and though it once came to Blackrock side and not far from where he stood, he hesitated to hail the gentleman in it.

Now it was coming again to his side, seemed actually steering straight for him, and he waited anxiously until it was close, when both gentlemen instinctively lifted their hats.

"You seem to be a stranger here," said he in the boat. "Would you like a sail, or can I be of any use, if so I shall be very pleased?"

"I thank you, but I am not altogether a stranger. I

have seen this place before, from the other side. I was on a visit down here, and as I want to stop with a friend in Glanmire to-night, I was told I could get a boat here; there are none."

"You will not find a keel nearer than the Monkstown Reach, as they call it, for a shoal of fish has come in there, and every man, woman, and child, even the dogs, I think, have gone."

"Could you say when they may return?"

"No, indeed; mayhap in an hour, or not perhaps until midnight. Why not allow me to ferry you?"

"I should be thankful, but did not like to give trouble." "I told you it would be a pleasure; step on board."

Very little conversation passed between them as the little boat glided across. As it touched the shore the

owner stepped out and moored it.

"Now, he said, will you come to my house and have refreshment; my name is Penrose, and I live at Woodhill. You shall be very welcome?"

"You are more than kind, but I want to hasten."

"You will do so by coming with me, for I shall send you in my carriage to Glanmire?"

"I may seem ungrateful, but I must go on."

"Well, at least, give me your name; you know mine and my residence. My wife will be very angry for leaving you on the dark road."

"Can you speak the Gaelic tongue?"

"Not one word, but my wife can. Why?"

"Because I must give you my name in it-that name is 'Yemen Moc Garilt.' Now, good bye, give my best respects to Mrs. Penrose; and, if we meet no more, believe me deeply grateful to you."

Mr. Penrose gazed long and anxiously after the handsome young stranger, and listened until his footsteps died out of the echo on the dark road, and muttered to himself, "A gentleman! He should be a prince, a chieftain, mild as he looks. May heaven speed him, whoever he is."

"Where is that handsome young fellow you brought over in the boat? Why not bring him here? It is very unlike the hospitable Mr. Penrose to leave a young stranger on a dark road."

"I pressed him to come, dear, but he would not, though I told him you would be pleased; but how do you know I brought him over?"

"I was watching you through the field glass."

"A splendid young fellow, whoever he is."

"Why did you not even ask his name?"

"I did. 'Tis a very odd one; let me think—'Yemen MocGarilt,' I think he said."

Mrs. Penrose sprang to her feet, and said-

"Husband, you have done a deed to-night that will redound to your credit long years after you and I have turned to dust."

"How so, love? Do you know him-who is he?"

"He is 'Yemen MocGarilt,' as he told you, and I have gazed on his face for the first and, very likely, for the last time, the gallant hero that told the simple truth of his very name."

"I am puzzled altogether about the matter."

"Remain puzzled, dear. Look out, see the fishing boats are beginning to return, and by and by you may have other visitors—you know nothing. Do not spoil the work you have done if you are cross-questioned."

* * * * * * * *

"There is a boat with men and torches in it crossing over here; there are soldiers, the torch glints on their arms! They have landed; they are coming this way; they have entered the gate. Ha, that summons must be answered." The tramp of many feet sounded on the stairs of Mr. Penrose's house, and the door of his fine drawing room was flung rudely open as two officers, one military, the other a civic functionary, entered, followed by many armed soldiers.

"Good evening, madam. Good evening, sir. We want

your guest; the man you brought here."

"Guest, sir. Pray do not forget yourself; I have no guest, brought no man here."

"Do you mean to deny that you brought over a man

here in your boat this evening?"

"Deny, sir; no. I brought as many as twenty over and thither to-day, being volunteer ferryman while the fishermen were away."

"Did you ferry any after sunset, sir?"

"Yes, three; a young gentleman, a farmer, and a blackguard sailor chap that swore."

"Which way did the young gentleman take?"

"Citywards, of course; why, he is the son of those new people who have the big house."

"What is their name, dear, those new people?"
"I am not acquainted with them, Mr. Penrose."

"What way did the farmer take?"

"Upon my word, I did not notice—the heavy brute!"

"And the sailor, what sort of man was he?"

"Young and handsome, with the face of a gentleman, and the language—well, of a tar. How the fellow swore, and the hurry he was in, after crossing from Blackrock, where he said he had been to see his old mother and bid her good bye, as his ship would sail from Cove by daybreak, the rascal."

"What way did he take when he left?"

"The shortest way to Cove, I expect. Now, sir (turning to the officer in uniform), I shall not answer that fellow any more; my house is open to you, search it from attic

to cellar, if you will, but, on the word of a gentleman, we have no guest or stranger in or about."

"I believe you, sir. Fall in (to his men). Go into the garden. We are under the orders of this civic official;

shall we search?"

"I think there is no need; send a few of your men under a corporal to inquire citywards. Get back into the boat, and let ye (to the fishermen) pull for Cove as ye never pulled before, for if we succeed ye shall get more—more than all to-day's fishing made."

Mr. and Mrs. Penrose sat silent for fully half an hour after the others had left, then that good lady came and placed her fair arms round her husband's neck and kissed him fervently, but she did not utter a word.

"But what does it all mean, dear; have I involuntarily injured anyone?"

"No, love, you have not; you have but done as my own dear husband should, and if I should sometimes mention the name of 'Yemen MocGarilt,' don't be jealous of him."

"Jealous of him; why, my heart went out to that young gentleman, and I shall often think of how we parted—with a simple handshake—on the dark road, and my heart seemed to keep time with his footsteps, until they ceased, and I prayed God to be his guide—the prince, the hero, whoever he was."

"How did Lord Edward die?
Like a man, without a sigh;
He left his handiwork on Major Swan;
But Sirr, with steel-clad breast,
And iron heart at best,
Gave us cause to mourn Lord Edward as gone, boys, gone.
Here's the memory of the friends that are gone."

[Like the grandmothers of several families, who got on barebacked horses and rode through the country, giving the warning that "the French were in Bantry Bay," there may be others claiming the honour of ferrying Lord Edward. I go by the old traditions and the information of many years.—J.F.]

The Fate of John and Henry Sheares.

"We saw a Nation's tears
Shed for John and Henry Sheares,
Betrayed by Judas Captain Armstrong.
Forgive we cannot yet,
And never shall forget
The memory of the friends that are gone, boys, gone.
Here's the memory of the friends that are gone."

Sheares' Bank.

HIS Bank was established in 1751-2, by Mr. or Dr. Bayley Rogers, an eminent physician, who took into partnership Mr. Boyle Travers and Mr. Henry Sheares. In 1767 the house was Boyle, Travers, and Sheares. Henry Sheares,

of Goldenbush, Cork, was one of a family who settled in Cork early in the seventeenth century. He was M.P. for Clonakilty in 1762-8. In 1774 he founded in Cork a "Society for the relief and discharge of persons confined for small debts"—a most laudable work, for poor debtors were at that period thrown into the city jail (North Gate), and not released until their debts were paid; besides, they had to be maintained by their friends, or the charitable public, as the authorities gave them nothing. Henry Sheares, senr., was a man of truly honourable and charitable disposition, and took a leading part in all movements for the benefit of the Cork poor.

He was also a man of no mean literary tastes, and contributed several essays to "The Modern Monitor"—a forgotten Cork magazine—in connection with "The Hibernian Chronicle," published by "Wm. Flynn, at the

sign of Shakespeare, near the Exchange, Cork," and was the standard of Cork literature long before and after 1770. Needless to say that he was the father of the gallant John and Henry, executed in Dublin in memorable July, '98. The Travers name having died out, the bank, in its later existence, was always known as Sheares' Bank, on Fenn's quay, Hammond's Marsh. In 1798 the open stream that ran by Fenn's quay was arched over, and the place called Nile street, in honour of the great battle. The North side of Nile street, as you go from Grattan street end, used to be Fenn's quay, but after a full century that name has been changed to Sheares street, a very tardy honour paid to the memory of the gallant men. Sheares' bank still stands, firm and unshaken as their memory in Irish hearts, their honourable father having paid off to the full every claim upon that house, and it may be said it was closed as a bank before the troubles of '98. Full details of the house as it stands are given at the end.

The Old House on the Marsh.

It was the first of May, 1798, and in spite of the dark cloud of trouble that hung above the land, the little city of Cork shone out to its full advantage. The stream that ran by Fenn's quay was glittering in the bright sunlight, and a fresh breeze was breaking its clear surface into myriads of tiny ripples as it passed gaily along the centre of the street, until it passed under and worked a mill, after which it became an open stream again, but flowing between a double row of quaint looking houses, like one of the small canals of Venice, until it was lost in the gloom of the arch at the end of Fishamble lane, after which it made its way under the streets into the North Channel of the river Lee. At a rude slip by the quay a tall young man was seated, with a couple of young children near him,

and he and they were engaged in watching the movements of a toy ship which was gaily sailing on the bright water. He cast a look from time to time at an odd looking house, to the east of the long, low, weather slated house known as Sheares' bank, but it was not the bank he was watching, but his father's house, which stood back somewhat from the line of the other houses. It was known as "Moran's Folly," and was a large ramshackle looking structure of no special style, for there were small many-paned windows in places where plenty of light should be, and large awkward windows where they had no business to be. There was an immense buttress supporting a light wall, which had no need of such aid. But it was said that secret meetings of United Irishmen were sometimes held in that house, and it was known to the authorities. A weary looking pedlar came along and laid his pack on the low wall by the slip, and sat down beside it. The young man in charge of the toy ship looked round, and gave a civil "God save ye," but the new comer seemed to be too weary, for he made no answer. At last he said-

"Patsy Moran, you will have to give up your ships, boy; you are the same age as your young master, and must do

something to help-"

The other looked round fiercely and gazed into the face of the new comer, but his wild stare changed to a soft look of pity, his voice was soft and tender, and tears were in his eyes as he placed his arms round the other's neck, and said, "My God, Dinny, can it be you?"

"It is me, Patsy, sure enough. Ah, lad, the troubles of the times have whitened my hair since I saw you last, not so long ago, but draw up your ship, lad, and send home the little ones to their mothers. I know you love little children to play with, and little ships to sail, but Mr. Henry's little ones will be fatherless ere the May flowers die, if we do not find some means of helping them."

The mad look came back to the young man's eyes, he hastily drew the little ship from the water and put it aside, then he snatched up the children one by one and kissed them.

"Go home, now, gal bawns, to your mother; Patsy is not cross with his loves, but Patsy must work."

"Now, Dinny, I am ready—I am only 'Mad Moran,' 'Cracked Patsy'; but tell me what to do, and fire or water will not keep me from serving the young masters."
"Good lad, but we must be careful; there is a stranger

in town looking for Mr. Henry and Mr. John. Are they in Cork at present?"

"No, Dinny. All the family are in Dublin."

"Well, if this Militia captain finds it out, he will be safe to follow them here. Now listen, lad, tell your father to have no meeting in the house to-night, tell him I will be at the old place in Glasheen, at twelve to-night, and he can bring a few more that may help, as-"

"But will you bring the pipes, Dinny?"

"I tell you the time for pipes, or music of any sort, is over, lad. I played no pipes since the night you remember. It is the music of the pikes-yes, lad, croppy pikes—is what we expect now, to save my noble young master and yours. Has that gentleman gazing about him is a stranger. Take home your ship, and if he should ask questions, don't be cross at all, answer him civilly, moryah thiggum?"

"I'll do it right, Dinny; we'll be there to-night." Half an hour later a gentleman asked Patsy-

"Is that house beyond Sheares' bank?"

"It is, Captain; it is, sir, sure enough."

"Why do you call me Captain, Patsy?"

"Why do you call me Patsy, sir? Bedad, we all are Captains or Majors now; there's Captain Rock, Captain Steel, an' a lot more; there's Major Sirr, Major Swan,

Major Sandys; why not call any man that's a gentleman Captain?"

"Thank you. Are the brothers Sheares in town?" "God help your head—town inyagh! Begor, no."

"May I ask where they are staying?" Patsy looked cautiously all around.

"Can I trust you; are you one of the Boys?"

"Yes, Patsy, and one of the right sort."

"Keep dark, then; they are in Ennis, County Clare."

"And where is Mr. Sheares, senr., living?"

"If you mane the ould master, at his house in Glanmire, of course. Oh, here's my father; don't let on I told you anything."

The look of maniacal ferocity that Patsy threw after the

departing stranger was not good to see.

The meeting took place that night at a house in Glasheen, not at Sheares' villa, and what was decided at it was not known, but when the elder Moran returned home, he found his odd looking house in the possession of soldiers, who carried him off to the County jail, South Gate, where he remained, as his good friend the elder Henry Sheares was not able to help him, though he had some time before paid his debts, and rescued him from the horrors of the Debtors' prison at the North Gate.

"Cracked Patsy" never returned to his deserted home, but was seen a couple of days after many miles from Cork, holding on to the back of the Mail coach as it sped

on its way to Dublin.

The weary pedlar, or the Rebel Piper, of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, was seen no more in Cork.

* * * * * * * *

Henry Sheares, the elder brother, was forty-five years old in 1798. He was married to a second wife, by whom he had a large family, his first wife leaving no issue.



HENRY SHEARES.
(From an Original Miniature.)

John Sheares was thirty-two at the time, a man of fine intellect, firm of mind, and, at the time of his death, was engaged to a Miss Steele. Henry's property was £1,200 a year, which he encumbered; John's was £3,000, on which he lived, and even lent at times money to his brother. Miss Steele said—"John bought nothing but books." They resided in Baggot street, Dublin, in '98. Meantime a warrant had been issued for the arrest of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, but he escaped and lay concealed. John Sheares was one of the new Directory. Reynolds, though suspected, retained his intimacy. On the 19th of May, just four days before the rising was to take place, Lord Edward was pounced on, and on the 21st the two Sheares were arrested. Henry, at the house in Baggot street, and John, at Surgeon Lawless's, in French street. Thus the Insurrection was begun without its organizers, without leaders, and without time to replace the men who had been arrested, by others.

On the night of the 23rd of May, the stopping of the Mail coaches was the signal for the rising, and on the next day the peasantry of Kildare, of Wicklow, and parts of Meath assembled. They were generally met and defeated, but they succeeded at Prosperous, at Oulart, and at several other places. But the horrors of that period are too deeply engraved on the hearts of the Irish race to repeat them, as this short sketch is but an Echo of

Ninety Eight, and not a history.

Extract of a letter from Samuel Neilson to his wife:—
"Newgate, 14th July, '98.

"I cannot form the slightest conjecture who is to swear against me, nor when my trial is to be; it may be to-morrow. The brothers Sheares were tried yesterday. Their trial continued from nine in the morning until half-past seven this morning, when they were found guilty. I understand my name was not implicated in any part of

that immensely long trial of twenty-two hours. Mr. Bond and Mr. M'Cann are to be tried next, they say, but their ways are so crooked one does not know what to believe. The Messrs. Sheares received their sentence to-day at four o'clock. They are here in irons, and are to suffer to-morrow, I believe, but in what part of the town is not known."

Those brothers had been United Irishmen since 1793, and John was very active in pushing matters forward. He contributed to the Press, and joined with his brother in trying to organize the movement in Cork. He became one of the Executive staff after the arrest at Bond's, in March, '98. Strange to say, that it was not until the 10th of May, that they first met their betrayer. But he was a skilled and devoted artist, and in eleven days he contrived to win their intimacy, gain the affection of Henry's young children, whom he held on his knee and sang songs to; he shared in their hospitalities, gained their secrets, and handed them over to the executioner—unrivalled Armstrong!

John Warneford Armstrong was a man of good family, and a Captain in the King's County Militia. He was first introduced to Henry Sheares by Byrne, a bookseller in Grafton street. Byrne, who it appears, was a weak sort of man, had no idea of the fearful consequences of this introduction. Henry Sheares did not seem to care for Armstrong, and soon left. But John Sheares soon after came into the shop, and was introduced by Byrne; John seemed pleased with Armstrong, and was soon discussing with him the quickest way of taking Dublin Castle, and Island Bridge barracks. On the 20th of May he dined at Baggot street, on the invitation of John Sheares (and with the full knowledge and concurrence of Lord Castle-reagh), and there he was appointed to the command of the King's County forces, and made acquainted with all the

secrets and projects. On the 21st of May they were arrested, and in this manner came about the tragic fate of the gallant men, the much-regretted Henry and John Sheares.

In vain did the burning eloquence of John Philpott Curran, at their long trial at the Special Commission, ring out to the crowded court; in vain did that unrivalled orator appeal, by the Almighty God to the jury, on the part of Henry; in vain did he, almost dying on his feet from fatigue and illness, expose the character of their brutal betrayer—"an anarchist, an Atheist, a perjurer, a fiend, whose holy book was Tom Paine's 'Age of Reason,' whose maxims he followed, by whose advice he steered his hellish course."

And in vain did Mr. Plunkett and Mr. Ponsonby, on the part of John Sheares, urge every idea which honest or merciful men should hold secret, but all in vain, as the die was cast, mercy was thrown aside for the time, victims were wanted for the gibbet, blood should flow, until the outraged law (as they called it) was satisfied.

And so they went to their doom, Irish martyrs.

Few, if any, took notice of the long-drawn, heartbroken sigh, as Henry and John Sheares were removed in irons, from the court, and none but those gallant but unhappy men knew the wayworn, pale and dusty form also borne from the court—some unfortunate creature, a madman, some people said, who had got into the court. They alone recognized the limp form as that of "Mad Moran," or "Cracked Patsy," who had tried to make his way to Dublin, but had fallen sick on the road, and had arrived too late to warn his young masters of their danger, too late to give the piper's warning to escape, too late even to see or play with Henry's children, for whom he had made toy ships, and taught them the way to sail them on the bright Lough, or on the bright streams near their native home, in far away Glasheen.



JOHN SHEARES.
(From a Miniature by Buck.)

It made no difference, however, for the limp form had stiffened into the rigidity of death before the men he so truly loved had reached the condemned cell on that fatal 14th of July, 1798.

So passed away those gallant brothers, in the prime of their lives, but their memory blooms in each Irish heart,

though sometimes we cannot even gaze upon-

OUR MARTYRS' GRAVES.

The pathway to the promised land,
Our fathers trod of yore,
Is hidden deep in desert sand,
With wild weeds scattered o'er;
Still through the wilderness we stray,
Still seek we Freedom's light,
No dark cloud guides our steps by day,
No pillar-flame by night.

Each road you've passed is strewn with graves—You've met them, meet them still—Some by the rolling ocean waves,
Some on the wind-swept hill,
Some rest beneath the Celtic cross,
Some sleep, unmarked by stone,
Where leafless branches wildly toss
In many a valley lone.

Yet weep not; keep their memory green;
They bravely died for you—
Wolfe Tone, the noble Geraldine,
Young Emmet, tried and true;
The brothers Sheares trod death's grim path,
Nor feared like men to die,
All proudly braved the tyrant's wrath,
God rest them where they lie.

John Toler, the Attorney-General, thirsted for the death of the gallant brothers Sheares, for on each occasion when they were brought up before their final trial and sentence, he threw every obstacle in the way of their counsel. He refused to postpone the last trial till the next day, in order to allow the brave John Philpott Curran a few hours' rest as he was almost dying on his feet; the trial must go on through the long night, in order that the summer light of day might look in on the infamy of that tiger-hearted prosecutor and the condemnation of those gallant men.

Under the same sun, in the same month, but in many years after (for it was in 1875), and in the city of Dublin, the writer and a friend who belonged to Dublin were walking through a quiet street, Jervis street, or Dorset street, I think it was, for there was an old graveyard and an hospital in it. Some children were making a play with pieces of broken pottery on a flat gravestone-

"Do you see that stone the children are playing with pan-crocks on," said the friend; "well come in here and I'll show you the grave of a dog, or rather a devil, buried there."

When we entered, Pat M'Cann, without disturbing the children, pushed the pan-crocks, as he called them, aside, and there was the name-

JOHN TOLER, LORD NORBURY.

"Now, spit on his name as I do," he said, "for he condemned two of your townsmen; I will show you to-night at St. Michans where they rest. Now children, when you are done playing, spit on that stone, and play on some other one to-morrow," and the wondering children were removing their belongings even before we left. The same feeling exists.

"The brothers in love, are united in death,
And they sealed with their blood that alliance.
The ties of one cause, of one kindred, one faith,
Were its bonds, and bid despots defiance.
They joined heart and hand in one struggle, and gave
Their life's blood to maintain it, while others,
Who urged on the strife, soon abandoned the brave—
But they stood to their country like brothers."

PERNE.

Such was the fate of the gallant brothers Sheares, but their memory, like the coming of the tiny shamrock in spring time, is ever green, and, on this their centenary, should be greener than ever.

THE WEARING OF THE GREEN.

ORIGINAL '98 SONG. AUTHOR, ANON.

I've wandered through the villages,
I've rambled through the town,
From dawn of day to set of sun
I've travelled up and down;
I've been to North and East and West,
And nought could there be seen,
But lads and lasses, blithe and gay,
All wearing of the Green.

I've stood beside the ruined cot,
I've walked along the shore,
Have been to every blessed spot
That Ireland's sun shines o'er;
And sure as Shamrocks deck our sod,
Wherever I have been,
Our sons still pray to Erin's God,
While wearing of the Green.

The fairest land on all the earth
Is cursed by tyrant laws—
Who loves the land that gave them birth,
Is martyred to her cause;
Then let us pray that God may place
His mighty hand between
Those who oppress the Irish race,
And those who wear the Green.

Our maidens hate, and fear alike,
The Hessians and the Yeos;
They flee from them to bog and dyke,
And where the Shamrock grows;
Our sons' blood dyed that emblem red,
Their widows raise the keene,
But though our land be piled with dead,
We proudly wear the Green.

Come forth! there's nothing left to do,
But face our foes like men—
Meet them, and make the tyrants rue,
On mountain top and glen;
Our cabins blaze—for vengeance strike;
Your hate is old and keen;
Meet them with musket torch, and pike,
While wearing of the Green.

Hurrah! St. Patrick, bless the right,
And dry our widows' tears
Go forward, muskets, to the fight,
March onward, Shilmaleers;
Remember Orr, and brave Wolfe Tone,
Avenge the Geraldine,
The brothers Sheares, their fate bemoan,
Yet proudly wear the Green.

- From an old Cork Magazine, 1810.

Guaranteed Correct Guide to the places mentioned in the Text.

The Old House in Fishamble Lane.

NEARLY all the places mentioned in the escape of Lord Edward have been removed. The old house, in which the limestone slab with its inscription, "Ireland Rising, Liberty street, 1782," fell down in the flood of November, 1853, but the stone (a relic of the Volunteers) may be found in the side of the public house at the eastern end of Liberty street. There is another stone near it, which people need not bother about, it has I.H.S. at top, three birds, and the initials P.S. It is only an arms stone from the front of some vault in St. Peter's Church, the monogram being the sign of faith, the three birds, Marten's arms or crest; the letters, the initials of the dead. They have done up the stone in green and vellow, lately, as an attraction for visitors. The stream, across which Lord Edward and the others escaped across a plank, is running still under the pathway at the northern side of Liberty The place where the Rebel Piper stood would be opposite western door of the Dispensary, and the little bridge is under the pathway. There are some traces left of the old Crown Tavern, back of the Dispensary. The Quaker's house would be on Daunt's square, as the



INSCRIPTION, "IRELAND RISING, LIBERTY STREET."

big drapery house is built on the site of it. The house of Mr. Penrose (who ferried Lord Edward across from Blackrock), Woodhill, still stands on the Lower or Strand road, and by going a very short distance up Lovers' walk, opposite the Tivoli railway station, you stand in front of its gate, with lions on the piers. The fishery at Blackrock is there still, very different after a century.

Sheares' Bank.

There are five houses in Nile street, or Sheares street, claiming the honour of being the bank of the elder Henry Sheares, father of the gallant brothers. Two are at the wrong side of the street, and I heard it said they have Sheares' initials cut on the rafters. Those brothers could not live in five houses in the same street, had something more dangerous on their hands than cutting initials (which is the work of idle fools, or of people with a motive). The real house (on the authority of Tenison, M.R.I.A., who wrote the history of the Private Bankers of the South of Ireland), "is the long low house near the Lying-in-Hospital, in Nile street. In the interior of it are still left many traces of its original business, even when I was last in it, 1881. It was formerly weather slated." That house, No. 31, is now cemented, and there are no traces on the outside of its being a bank; yet, from the information of very old people, and the authority of Mr. Tenison (at present in Tasmania), I know it to be the genuine house, or Mr. John Buckley's-(Writer's Note.) The house of "Mad Moran's" father would be about where the smaller houses east of No. 32 stand, and the stream where "Cracked Patsy" sailed his toy ships still runs under the middle of the street and along under the pathway at the opposite side of the back of the Courthouse, which was



THE SHEARES' HOUSE, CORNER MOORE STREET, CORK.

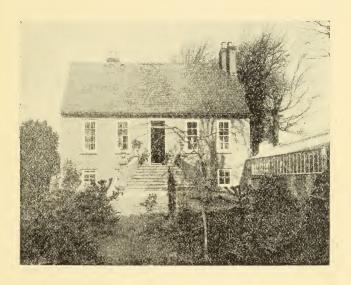
not opened for Assize business until 1836. The stream that ran through what is now to be Sheares street was arched over in 1798, and called Nile street, in honour of the great battle. The recording stone has been lately removed from the front of No. 24, western end.

Sheares' Town House.

Dr. Madden, who visited Cork in 1858, says:—"Henry Sheares, senr., had a town house in Cork, which I visited lately, in Nile street—the old-fashioned corner house of Moore street, which was then a public house. The handsome panelled staircase, and the beautiful stuccoed ceilings, are evidence enough that it had been the residence of a person of distinction." That house I (the writer) had a workshop in much later than the visit of Dr. Madden. It was not a public house at the time, but became one soon after, and is now one (1898); but what the Doctor says about the elegance of the house is quite correct. It had an iron railing at the Nile street side when I was in it, that is now removed, but the traces of it are still visible enough. I make no doubt it was the town house of the Sheares family, if it was not also the Bank. I have given my authorities, and leave the reader to form his own opinion.

Goldenbush.

This place, mentioned in the history of Sheares' bank, was near Innishannon The account states, that Mr. Bayley Rogers established the bank, and took into partnership Mr. Boyle Travers, and Mr. Henry Sheares, of Goldenbush, Cork. This was the father of Henry and John, who died on the scaffold in the dark days of '98.



THE SHEARES' VILLA, GLASHEEN.

There is very little information to be had about Goldenbush, where, it is said, the gallant brothers were born. There are many statements which make it appear that the Sheares family had several residences. I have heard from reliable people that they had a residence at Blackrock, and that the house is still on the grounds or incorporated with the Ursuline Convent, and that there is a room preserved there in which the brothers Sheares received their friends. There is mention of a duel being fought in that room by Richard Sheares, but I have not read in any work an account of it, and I do not wish to state anything that may be inaccurate, lest I should be contradicted. Blackrock is easily reached by the Cork and Passage railway, or the 'Busses, or, better still, by a drive on a jaunting car round the ring of Blackrock, where the scenery is very beautiful, and will amply repay any visitor who has not seen it before. They also may hear some traditions of the Sheares family from the old fishermen.

Sheares Villa.

The village of Upper Glasheen, in which this old and quaint little villa residence is situated, was once a place of much business importance. It had cotton mills, woollen weaving factories, and other industries, and had very many inhabitants; but all is changed now, the industries have died out, the hum of the mill worked by the little stream, or glasheen, which means a little river, is no longer heard, but many traces of factories are left, and the little stream flows on its way as of yore. In the prosperous days of Glasheen, extensive purchases of land were made by Henry Sheares, banker, father of the gallant brothers, the long narrow strip of land on which the villa stands being one of them. This extends from Glasheen to the Magazine road—so called as when the Government powder magazine was

removed, from Skiddy's Castle, Cork city, it was set up on that road; the place is known as Wellington square, and there is an iron gate leading up the long avenue to Sheares' villa from that end. The front gate is near the little stream, and quite convenient to the New Cemetery, St. Finbarr's. The house itself, though it had several tenants since the death of its owner in '98, is almost unchanged, nearly everything being preserved. As may be seen by the illustration, Sheares' villa is a little house of two storeys, the ground floor being set apart for the kitchen, scullery, etc., and there is a commodious passage leading to out-offices. The plot of garden in front is about on a level with the window sills of the ground floor. A flight of eight limestone steps leads up to the platform in front of the hall door on the second storey. The principal apartments open (one at each side) from the hall. The dining room has a handsome allegorical picture painted on the panel wall above the chimney piece, and both apartments are well lighted and cheerful. There is a small room at the back, which, with the approach to it, would be like the letter L, the small limb being the room; there is also a staircase there. Dr. Madden visited this villa in 1858, and gives a melancholy picture of its neglect and decay, and mentions great part of the back of the house. which had been entirely swept away, etc. Denis Holland, the clever and patriotic founder, editor and proprietor of the "Irishman" newspaper, who visited Sheares villa in 1860, gave a melancholy but glowing account of the former grandeur of the place, of a library and drawing room, and the beautiful garden—all swept away, but there were no traces whatever of those places when I visited the place in June, 1893, with the very clever and accurate Mr. C G. Doran, architect (both of us Council members of the Cork Historical and Archæological Society). We found the place as I described in this short sketch. Mr. Doran was also an

intimate friend of the lamented Denis Holland, a Corkman. Mr. Doran measured and examined everything of interest. We saw the concealed recess in the panelling, which tradition said contained a store of arms, ammunition, and documents, but when at last discovered (in former years) it contained only a few old blunderbusses and bullets common to all gentlemen's houses in troublesome times; there were no documents. We interviewed an old lady, who was born and lived for many years in Glasheen, but got scant information from her; she remembered a Mr. Colthurst lived in the villa, but knew nothing of Dr. Jackson who resided there before him. I knew Mr. Bleazby myself, and was talking to him in the villa in 1862. Dr. Madden called him a farmer, but I knew him to be one of the Bleazbys, of the Dyke, Cork, who resided in the house afterwards occupied by Captain Tooker, J.P., and the Bleazbys were a highly respectable Catholic family. The place came to be the residence (country house) of Mr. William Cleburne, T.C., who afterwards removed to Summerstown House, a large and handsome place, the entrance gate of which is the next to the New Cemetery. The great cork tree was near that house, but was cut down when Mr. Doran and myself went to visit it. It was 10 feet 6 inches in girth, 6 feet from the ground, and about 10 feet high of the trunk was standing, and great blocks of Cork wood lay about. Mr. Cleburne was extremely courteous to us. After Mr. Cleburne came the present resident of Sheares' villa, Mr. Hosford, a very respectable trader in Cork city, who keeps the place neat.

By walking or driving in the following route visitors will see many places of interest. Route—Over South Gate bridge, French's quay, St. Finbarr's place, above which towers Elizabeth Fort, built in her reign to overawe Cork city; round under the splendid Cathedral, St. Finbarre's (fourth Church on the site); round by western

front, Gillabbey street (the lane of that name led to the Abbey of Gill Aedha, or Gilla Hugh); Brandy lane, on to Bandon road, straight on to Cemetery road (houses on raised ground near Glasheen ruined cottages of former Glasheen weavers); on to the Sheares villa—gate and lodge to the right, near the little stream. Stop and examine the place. Very little further on is the New Cemetery, a very handsome and well-kept place; worth a visit. Next gate is Summerstown House (Mr. Cleburne's); gate beyond that, Wilton, belonging to the African Missionaries. Return by Western road, pass the County jail; next comes the Queen's College, which may be visited; Muskerry Light railway, Court House, and Cork city again.



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